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MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

In connection with the work of the Salvation Army, in France, the name of Maud Charlesworth will always be linked with that of the "Marechale." On this side of the water as Mrs. Ballington Booth, her success, though among a very different class of people, has been none the less marked. She has long been known outside of the Salvation Army as well as in it, as one of the most useful women and powerful speakers of her time. She is the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Charlesworth and niece of Miss Charlesworth, whose stories for girls are so well known. She was born a few miles from London in the same year that the Rev. William Booth separated himself from the Methodist church and went alone to preach to the outcasts of Whitechapel. Shortly after her birth her father moved to the east end of London, and just opposite his church was the little hall in which the Army—then known as the Christian Mission—first met.

'Mrs. Charlesworth, says a recent writer, was a woman with very wide views and a large heart, and was a sort of "good angel" to the whole parish, which was a very poor one. She fully sympathized with the little mission across the way, and more than once attended its meetings. Then, too, when the Mission bands were forbidden to hold street meetings, Mr. Charlesworth opened his large grounds to them.

It was in 1881 that Maud Charlesworth first connected herself with the Salvation Army movement, becoming a soldier, and a year later entering the Training Home to go through the regular training of an officer. Her first appointment was for foreign service, and her father accompanied her to Paris, where she was to begin her warfare as aid to Miss Catherine Booth, by whose side she was to stand through many a desperate fight, and with whom she was to bear both persecution and imprisonment. They opened the work in Switzerland, and after much hardship and harsh treatment were expelled as "dangerous to the peace of the Republic;" but they left behind them a devoted little band which has since grown greatly. After two years in France and Switzerland, Miss Charlesworth returned to England, and the following year was spent in travelling through England, Scotland, Ireland, and Sweden, where she held large meetings with great success. In this year Miss Charlesworth, with five helpers, opened in London the slum-work which has since developed so wonderfully.

In 1886, Miss Charlesworth was married to Ballington Booth, the General's second son, and five months later they were ordered to America to take charge of the Salvation Army work there.

In addition to all her public speaking and work of organization, Mrs. Booth has found time to write two little books, "Wanted, Antiseptic Christians," and "The Curse of Septic Soul-Treatment."

MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH,
Of the Salvation Army.

WHAT IS LIFE?

It is my belief, said Thomas A. Edison in a recent interview with a representative of the New York *Herald*, that every atom of matter is intelligent, deriving energy from the primordial germ. The intelligence of man is, I take it, the sum of the intelligences of the atoms of which he is composed. Every atom has an intelligent power of selection and is always striving to get into harmonious relation with other atoms. The human body, I think, is maintained in its integrity by the intelligent persistence of its atoms, or rather by an agreement between the atoms so to persist. When the harmonious adjustment is destroyed, the man dies, and the atoms seek other relations. I cannot regard the odor of decay but as the result of the efforts of the atoms to dissociate themselves; they want to get away and make new combinations. Man, therefore, may be regarded in some sort as a microcosm of atoms agreeing to constitute his life as long as order and discipline can be maintained. But, of course, there is disaffection, rebellion, and anarchy, leading eventually to death, and through death to new forms of life; for life I regard as indestructible—that is, if matter is indestructible. All matter lives, and everything that lives possesses intelligence. Consider growing corn, for example. An atom of oxygen comes flying along the air. It seeks combination with other atoms and goes to the corn not by chance but by intention. It is seized by other atoms that need oxygen and is packed away in the corn where it can do its work. Now, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen enter into the composition of every organic substance in one form of arrangement or another. The formula CHO, in fact, is almost universal. Very well, then, why does a free atom of carbon select any particular one out of fifty thousand or more possible positions unless it wants to? I cannot see how we can deny intelligence to this act of volition on the part of the atom. To say that one atom has an affinity for another is simply to use a big word. The atom is conscious if man is conscious, is intelligent if man is intelligent, exercises will power if man does—is, in its own little way, all that man is. We are told by geologists that in the earliest periods no form of life could exist on the earth. How do they know that? A crystal is devoid of this vital principle, they say, and yet certain kinds of atoms invariably arrange themselves in a particular way to form a crystal. They did that in geological periods antedating the appearance of any form of life, and have been doing it ever since in precisely the same way. Some crystals form in branches like a fern. Why is there not life in the growth of a crystal? Was the vital principle specially created at some particular period of the earth's history, or did it exist and control every atom of matter when the earth was molten? I cannot avoid the conclusion that all matter is composed of intelligent atoms, and that life and mind are merely synonyms for the aggregation of atomic intelligence. Of course there is a source of energy. Nature is a perpetual-motion machine, and perpetual motion implies a sustaining and impelling force. When I was in Berlin I met Du Bois Reymond, and, wagging the end of my finger I said to him, "What is that? What moves that finger?" He said he didn't know; that investigators have for twenty-five years been trying to find out. If anybody could tell him what wagged this finger, the problem of life would be solved. Electricity, by the way, is properly merely a form of energy, and not a fluid. As for the ether which speculative science supposes to exist, I don't know anything about it. Nobody has discovered anything of the kind. In order to make their theories hold together, they have, it seems to me, created the ether. But the ether imagined by them is unthinkable to me. I don't say I disagree with them, because I don't pretend to have any theories of that kind, and am not competent to dispute with speculative scientists. All I can say is, my mind is unable to accept the theory. The ether, they say, is as rigid as steel and as soft as butter. I can't catch on to that idea. I believe that there are only two things in the universe—matter and energy. Matter I can understand to be intelligent; for man himself I regard as so much matter. Energy, I know, can take various forms and manifest itself in different ways. I can understand also that it works not only upon but through matter. What this matter is, what this energy is, I do not know.

AN IMPRESSIVE STATEMENT.

The Bishop of Minnesota recently said:—"Many years ago, the late Rev. Lord Charles Hervey paid a visit to my missions, and after service, the head chief, turning to him, said, 'Do you know the history of the North American red men? Shall I tell you it? Before the white man came, the rivers and lakes were full of fish, and the prairie and forest were full of game; and hunger and thirst never came to the wigwam of the Indian. Would you care to see one of my braves such as he was before the coming of the white man?' He clapped his hands, and the door of the tent opened, and there appeared an Indian, proud and erect, in all the finery and feathers of a young warrior, with his squaw by his side. 'That,' said the chief, 'represented my people before the white man came. Now, shall I show you what the white man has done for us?' He clapped his hands again, and there appeared before them a squalid, miserable-looking wretch, and by his side an equally degraded woman. 'O great Spirit,' exclaimed the chief, 'is this an Indian? How came he to this pass?' He produced from beneath his blanket a black bottle. 'That,' said he, 'is the gift of the white man.' But if that were all that the white man had done for us, you would not be my guests to-day. Many years ago a pale-faced man came to us, and at last we listened to what he had to tell us. Would you like to know what that story has done for us?' Again he clapped his hands. The

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door opened, and in stepped a young man dressed in a black frock coat, and by his side a young woman in a black alpaca dress. Said the chief, 'There is only one religion in the world to lift man out of the mire, and to teach him to call God his Father, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ.'" —*Illustrated Missionary News.*

TWO MEN.

A singular story was brought to light a few years ago at the death of a noted capitalist in one of our Southern States.

This man had been for thirty years the head of a large banking interest, and was honored for his strict integrity; he was prominent in the charitable and humane societies of the city in which he lived; he was the leading member of a church, to which he gave liberally; in social life also he held high position, and no company of the notables of the city was complete without him.

Not an accusation had ever been brought against his morality or honor. Yet men of keen perception and all women doubted him; there was something unwholesome in the atmosphere about him; his eye evaded and shrank from the eye of an honest man.

When he died, it was discovered that he had for many years secretly defrauded his partners, and in an obscure part of the city had led a vile, immoral life.

A companion picture to this true history is that of a man, who at eighteen was sentenced to prison for grand larceny for a long term of years.

Upon the terrible despair which at first overwhelmed him there dawned a hope—feeble and uncertain, but still a hope. He should come out of that prison some day. He should be a man past middle age, but he should come out. He should be free, a man among men, and he could then live a new life, serving the God whom he had first learned to know in a prison cell.

The confinement was solitary in this prison. He was taught the trade of a weaver. All day long, month after month, year after year, he worked at his little loom, making the blue fabric in which the convicts were clothed, and thinking of this hope.

He rarely saw any man but his keeper; there was no way for him to practise the honesty, the kindness and the love which he hoped to show some day to his fellowmen. He could only hope and pray.

He aged rapidly in these years. When the time came for his discharge he was a bent, white-haired old man. But in his long solitude, he had come very near to his God, and he went out from the abode of crime with a manly bearing, and a face marked by a life of noble thought and high purpose.

He was always an obscure, poor man. He made no boast of his religion; but real goodness is not easily hidden, and no one came near him who was not made better and happier for contact with him.

The one man who zealously made pure and lustrous the outward parts of his life, wholly forgot to look to the heart inside. The other, held down to evil and debasing surroundings for many years, tried only to make his soul fit for God's eye.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," says the great preacher of all ages, "for out of it"—not out of our circumstances—"are the issues of life."

We may be pure and true in spite of the most unfavorable surroundings, or we may play the hypocrite in the very face of the Divine mercy.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO LEARN TO TALK WELL.

Learn to listen well, and soon you will find yourself speaking the word in season, and surprising yourself, as well as others, by the quickness with which your thoughts will be well expressed.

Read the works of great writers, think them over, and conclude in what way you differ from them. The woman who talks well must have opinions—decided ones—but she must have them well in hand, as nothing is so disagreeable as an aggressive talker. Say what you have to say pleasantly and sweetly; remember always that the best thing in life, dear, sweet love, has often been won by that delightful thing, "a low voice."

Do not be too critical; remember that every blow given another woman is a boomerang which will return, and hit you with double force. Take this into consideration—it is never worth while making a malicious remark, no matter how clever it may be.

Worth what while? Worth, my dear girl, the while here, which is, after all, so short, and the while hereafter, which is after all so long and sweet. It seems to me that when you and I stand before the good God, it will be the little gossip, the petty talks about others, of which we will be most ashamed.

Never forget that mere idle talk is quite as bad as gossip, for nobody is gaining any good from it, and as no vacuum exists in nature, none can in everyday life. Not to be an interesting woman, quick in your sympathy and ready always to give the word of gladness to those in joy, or to speak your tender thought to one who is in affliction, is to be that most unpleasant of people, an unfeminine woman.—*Ruth Ashmore.*

A FEW WORDS TO TEACHERS.

It is wrong for a teacher to neglect making the best possible preparation to teach. There are a great many teachers too indolent to study the lesson. Have you not known such? They must have a very low idea, indeed, of the importance of the work in which they are engaged. They are a positive injury to any school, and the sooner a school gets rid of such conscienceless mortals the better it will be for it. If you have been guilty of this in the past, amend your way or resign your position.

It is wrong for a teacher not to co-operate heartily with the superintendent in promoting the best interests of the school. Some teachers show by their conduct that they have no respect for the opinions and methods of the superintendent. They impart this spirit to their classes and the superintendent is rendered helpless in maintaining the necessary discipline in the school. It is unmanly and unwomanly to act as some teachers do with reference to this matter. It is not said that the work of the superintendent is not efficient, because it does not meet with your approbation. Instead of critising him, pray for him, offer suggestions at the proper time and in the proper manner, and if he is a good Christian he will thank you and give them due consideration.

What are you teaching for? Some teach because others do, or because they have been requested to do so. Others teach because they feel like engaging in the work of the Lord in a general way, and this affords them an opportunity for so doing. The true motive must be the salvation of precious souls, for whom Jesus died, and the glory of God. Sunday-school teaching offers one of the grandest fields for useful work in the entire realm of Christian activity. The teacher stands next to the parent in influence to shape the mind and heart and life of the child for usefulness in this world and for happiness in the world to come.

Are you sometimes discouraged? Methinks I hear you say, frequently. I am willing to admit that there are things connected with our work that are discouraging. The results of our work are not in keeping with the self-denying efforts we put forth and the thought of it disheartens us. Let us toil on, for our work is not in vain. God will not fail to give his blessing to earnest work done in his name. The words of the Psalmist should encourage us, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—*Sunday-School Teacher.*

YOU MUST LOVE THEM.

Finding in our hearts a desire to teach for Christ, let us learn from his loving sympathy the art of winning souls. This poor world is groaning and sighing for sympathy, human sympathy, Christian sympathy. I am quite sure it was this in Christ's life which touched the hearts of his followers and attracted so many to him. As teachers, let us remember that every heart in our class is human, and every human heart is open to the influence of genuine sympathy and affection.

The advice an experienced pastor gave to a class of young men starting out to preach the Gospel is just as good for every teacher in the Sabbath-school. He said "Aim at the hearts in preaching. Not every man has a head, but every man has a heart. If you aim at the head you will miss some of your hearers. If you aim at the heart you will hit them all. Aim at the heart."

Grand advice for every Sunday-school teacher! The true measure of every Christian worker's personal power is found largely in the heart. If you long to win the hearts and souls of your children to Christ you must love them. Some one has said most truly: "There is but one rare and precious coin with which you can purchase the costly treasure of a child's heart, and that coins bears the image and superscription 'Love.'"—*Rev. G. B. F. Hallock.*

A MAN'S PRAYERS.

A man's prayers for others are a very fair thermometer of his own religious condition. What he asks for them will largely indicate what he thinks best for himself; and how he asks it will show the firmness of his own faith and the fervor of his own feeling. There is nothing colder than the intercession of a cold Christian; and, on the other hand, in no part of the fervid Apostle Paul's writings do his words come more winged and fast, or his spirit glow with greater fervor of affection and more holy desire than in his petitions for his friends.—*A. Maclaren, D.D.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.—APRIL 10, 1892.

THE KING IN ZION.—Psalm 2:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."—Psalm 2:12.

HOME READINGS.

M. Dan. 7:1-14.—Messiah's Kingdom.
T. Psalm 2:1-12.—The King in Zion.
W. Psalm 110:1-7.—The Priest-King.
Th. Psalm 45:1-17.—A Right Sceptre.
F. Acts 2:25-36.—Both Lord and Christ.
S. Acts 4:23-33.—Against the Lord and His Christ.
S. Acts 13:26-37.—The Promise Fulfilled.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The King Opposed. vs. 1-5.
II. The King Established. vs. 6-9.
III. The King to be Obeyed. vs. 10-12.

TIME.—About B.C. 1040, soon after the victories of David over the Philistines, Moabites and Syrians.

PLACE.—Probably written by King David in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

David was the author of this Psalm. Acts 4:25. The imagery is evidently drawn from his life as king of Israel; but the great subject is the Messiah, the King in Zion, "great David's greater Son," and his final triumph over his enemies and his universal sway over the nations of the earth.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

1. *The heathen*—"the nations." *Imagine*—devise, plot. *A vain thing*—what is hopeless. 2. *Set themselves*—assume a hostile position. *His anointed*—Hebrew, *Messiah*; Greek, *Christ*. From this verse and from Dan. 9:25, 26, the name Messiah had, before the advent, come into use as a designation of the great Deliverer and King whom they expected. 3. *Bands....cords*—the restraints of his authority. 4. *Sitteth in the heavens*—infinitely above their malice and rage. 5. The Lord is represented first as speaking and then as acting. He warns and then strikes. 6. *Set*—anointed, or firmly placed. *Upon my holy hill of Zion*—here, and frequently elsewhere in the Scriptures, by *Zion* the Church is designated. 7. The Messiah, the King in Zion, now speaks. *I will declare the decree*—Revised Version, "I will tell of the decree." *Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee*—this day have I declared and manifested thee to be my Son. Compare Rom. 1:4, 10. *Instructed*—warned. 12. *Kiss*—acknowledge his authority. *When his wrath is kindled but a little*—Revised Version, "for his wrath will soon be kindled."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE KING OPPOSED. vs. 1-5.—With what question does the Psalm begin? What is said of kings and rulers? What do they propose to do? Who is meant by *his anointed*? How does the Lord treat the threats of his enemies? What will he do?

II. THE KING ESTABLISHED. vs. 6-9.—What does the Lord say? Who is the King in Zion? Who is the speaker in the seventh verse? What has the Lord said to him? What had the Lord promised him? How shall his enemies be treated? In his victory what nations shall perish? Isa. 60:12. What shall be the extent and duration of his kingdom? Ps. 72:8, 11, 17.

III. THE KING TO BE OBEYED. vs. 10-12.—What appeal is made to kings and judges? Whom are they commanded to serve? In what spirit? To whom must they submit? What will be the end of continued rebellion? What promise is made to those who receive and honor this King in Zion? How should we serve him? How doth Christ execute the office of a king?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ is the eternal King.
2. He will bring all nations into his kingdom.
3. It is foolish and vain to oppose him.
4. All who do not receive him shall perish.
5. It is both our duty and our interest to acknowledge his supremacy and to render obedience to the laws of his kingdom.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Against whom have God's enemies raged and taken counsel? Ans. Against the Lord, and against his anointed.
2. How will the Lord show his displeasure? Ans. He shall speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.
3. Whom has he established in Zion? Ans. He has set Christ his Son as king in Zion.
4. What has he promised to his Son the king of Zion? Ans. The heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.
5. What is said of those who receive him as their king? Ans. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

LESSON III.—APRIL 17, 1892.

GOD'S WORKS AND WORD.—Psalm 19:1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—*Psalm 19:7.*

HOME READINGS.

M. Psalm 19:1-14.—God's Works and Word.
T. Psalm 8:1-9.—God's Works for Men.
W. Psalm 104:24-35.—God's Works are Manifold.
Th. Psalm 111:1-10.—God's Works are Great.
F. Psalm 119:97-112.—God's Word a Light.
S. John 1:1-16.—Christ the Word of God.
S. Heb. 1:1-14.—God Speaking unto us in his Son.

LESSON PLAN.

I. God's Glory in Nature. vs. 1-6.
II. God's Glory in His Word. vs. 7-14.

TIME.—Probably about 1040.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

This Psalm was doubtless written by David. From his earliest years he was a careful student of God's two great books, nature and revelation, his works and his word. In this Psalm he compares and contrasts them, magnifying the excellency of the author as seen in both of them.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Handy work*—the work of his hands. 2. *Day unto day*—one day tells of God's glory to the next—an unbroken flow of testimony. 3. *There is no speech*—though they have no voice and utter no word, they give a sure testimony to the world. 4. *In them*—in the heavens. 5. *As a bridegroom*—the sun, like a man, strong and full of joy, pursues his daily course. 6. *Nothing hid*—everything feels his life-giving power. Thus God's works of creation tell of his goodness and glory. 7. From God's works the Psalmist turns to his word. Here are six names or titles of the Word of God to take in the whole of divine revelation, precepts and promises. *The law*—God's revealed will, especially the ten commandments. *The testimony*—God's witness to what is right and true. 9. *The fear of the Lord*—here put for what leads or teaches men to fear or reverence him and his law. Compare Psalm 34:11; Prov. 1:29; 2:5; 15:33. 11. *Great reward*—it is our interest as well as our duty to keep God's commandments. John 5:39; 15:10. 12. *Who can understand his errors?*—his infirmities, secret corruptions and tendencies to evil. No one can discern all his errors, mistakes, inadvertencies, unconscious wrong-doings. *Secret faults*—Revised Version, "hidden faults:" sin of inadvertence, error or infirmity. 13. *Presumptuous sins*—wilful sins, done against knowledge and in the face of command. *The great transgression*—omit *the*; not referring to any particular sin, but to great transgression in general. 14. *Words....meditations*—a prayer—not only for outward but for inward purity—purity of thought and speech, that every part of his life might please God and be acceptable in his sight. *Redeemer*—Deliverer from sin and its consequences.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What did you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. GOD'S GLORY IN NATURE. vs. 1-6.—What do the heavens declare? What does the firmament show? How do they repeat this testimony? How far does it extend? To what does Paul apply this verse Rom. 10:18. To what is the sun likened? Of what use is the sun in its course? How is God's glory revealed in nature?

II. GOD'S GLORY IN HIS WORD. vs. 7-14.—What six names are here given to the Word of God? What six words describe it? What six things does God's word thus described do for us? To what does the Psalmist compare God's Word? Why is it *better than gold*? How is it *sweeter than honey*? What is the reward of obeying it? What prayer does the Psalmist offer? What are *secret faults*? *Presumptuous sins*? With what prayer does the Psalm end? How may the study of God's works help us to understand his word? What needed knowledge can we get only from God's word? How should we study God's word?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The works of God show his wisdom, power and glory.
2. The word of God makes known to us his will and our duty.
3. The word of God gives us new hearts, wisdom, joy and salvation.
4. We should study both the works and the word of God.
5. We should be holy in secret as well as in public, in thought as well as in deed.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are we taught by the works of God? Ans. The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork.
2. When and where do they show these things? Ans. Daily and through all the earth.
3. In what has God more clearly revealed himself to us? Ans. In the Bible, which is the word of God, the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him.
4. How should we regard the word of God? Ans. We should love it, and make it our constant study.
5. What should be our daily prayer? Ans. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

One of the latest fancies in house furnishing is to make the most of every corner in the room, and, in many cases, one of these is appropriated exclusively by the mother. A canopy over a couch, a table and a chair or two will give the effect of a tiny room by itself, and a screen will convert a corner into a little nook, in which the individuality of the possessor may be shown. With one or two easy chairs, cushions, a pot of ferns and a work-table, mother's corner will have the cozy, "homey" look which will draw all members of the family around her. The screen is capable of doing service in a variety of ways, as well as being ornamental, if it has a substantial frame to prevent its being tipped over. It may hold a work-basket, which can be hung on it, or a catch-all, or there may be a shelf screwed to it for holding books, or one of the pretty hanging lanterns may be suspended from it.

After you have tried using white oil-cloth on your kitchen table, you will never want to scour it again. Tack it on neatly, letting it slip under the edges. After it is worn out on the front of the table, change it to the back. With care it will last a long time. Never use soap to clean it. Pour on it a tablespoonful of milk and with a cloth rub it all over. It will not only clean it nicely, but help to preserve it. Have always at hand a small square or block of wood on which to set your dish-pan of hot water. Keep your soap in a dish, as soap soon spoils the new effect of oil-cloth.

No doubt there are many who do not make carpet, but who would be glad to do so, only that they lack the time to prepare the rags for the weaver. To such I would say, there is a quicker and easier way of preparing them, that answers fully as well as sewing, for cottons and thin wool goods, saves all the thread, and, what is of far greater importance, half the time and labor. Take one end of each of the two rags to be joined, place the end of the one in the right hand on the end of the one in the left hand, lapping them about one inch; fold the lapped portion in the middle, crosswise of the rags, and give a little snip of the scissors in the centre; making, when the rags are unfolded, a buttonhole-shaped cut a little over an inch in length. Take the other end of the rag in the right hand, and, still keeping the other ends lapped, pass it upward through the buttonhole-cut and draw it through. You will find that it makes a close, even join, neither bulky nor ragged, and a little practice enables one to join them rapidly in this way.

THE ART OF SWEEPING.

In sweeping, take long, light strokes, and do not use too heavy a broom.

"Alice," said Lois, "do you honestly think sweeping is harder exercise than playing tennis?"

I hesitated. "I really don't know. One never thinks of hard or easy in tennis, the game is so interesting; and then, it's out-door exercise, and there's no danger of inhaling dust."

"Well, for my part," said Marjorie, "I like doing work that tells. There is so much satisfaction in seeing the figures in the carpet come out brightly under my broom! Alice, what did you do to make your reception-room so fine? Girls, look here! You'd think this carpet had just come out of the warehouse."

"Mother often told Aunt Hetty," said I, "to dip the end of the broom in a pail of water, in which she had poured a little ammonia—a teaspoonful to a gallon. The ammonia takes off the dust, and refreshes the colors wonderfully. We couldn't keep house without it," I finished, rather proudly.

"Did you bring some from home?" asked Marjorie, looking hurt.

"Why, of course not! I asked your mother, and she gave me the bottle, and told me to take what I wanted."

"A little coarse salt or some damp tea leaves strewed over a carpet before sweeping, adds ease to the cleansing process," said Mrs. Downing, appearing on the scene and praising us for our thoroughness. "The reason is that both the salt and the tealeaves, being moist, keep down the light floating dust, which gives more trouble than the heavy dirt. But now you will all be better for a short rest; so come into my little snuggery and have a gossip and a lunch, and then you may attack the enemy again."—*Household.*

WHIPPED CREAM.

Some farmers think this is a dish only for aristocrats. Mistaken, my friend; it is not any more expensive than the natural cream that so many use on the table every day. It is a delicious sauce for many kinds of pudding, and for cake that is becoming dry. It makes a dainty dish for convalescents in some diseases, if used with crackers, one that relishes, tastes good, and more than anything else, it looks so tempting and dainty, and looks is everything to an invalid's appetite; please always bear that idea in your mind when waiting on the sick.

In making whipped cream, be sure and cool the cream below churning temperature (which ranges from 64° to 70° Fahrenheit), or you may get a dish of butter on hand, and the cooler, the quicker it becomes thick; only don't freeze it, of course. To a coffee-cup of cream add the whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little flavoring extract. Beat all together; a regular egg-beater will do the work the most rapidly. This quantity will make a quart bowlful, after it is beaten so as to stand alone when dropped from off a spoon. The cream should be rather thick and perfectly sweet. So you see you have a quart out of a cupful by using the whites of only two eggs with the cream, and eggs should be plenty in every farmer's family.—*Exchange.*

LABOR.

The rationale of the labor question, says Frances Willard, is, "My father worketh hitherto and I work." We are learning that the coarsest forms of matter are the less industrious; that energy seems to be the final force of nature. We speak of electricity, but there is no such thing. We speak of caloric, but it has been discovered that what we call heat is due to atomic and molecular vibrations, so that now we name it only as a mode of motion. We used to think that light has being. Now we know that it is but a sensation and we call it a radiant energy. Once we talked of vital force, but scientific men have ceased to use the words. So far as they have been ascertained vital force is but a complication of motion among atoms and in no sense an entity. Magnetism is known to be due to the position and movements of molecules. All these mighty powers, matter, ether, motion, are simply factors of phenomena. The scientists are telling us when we ask, "What is electricity?" that there is no such thing; it is as absurd a question as if we were to ask, What is brightness? What is sorrow? Thus as the thought of man moves along the path of power, earth with her thousand voices speaks of God, and men find they cannot get away from him. "He is the light, the life, the movement of the universe, and it begins to look as if the final analysis that the utmost power of the mind can make of God is that he is the greatest and most beneficent of powers, although the most unseen, the most removed, yet nearest, so that every heart may have, if it but wills to open like a little blossom up toward God, what Christians call "the witness of the spirit," and that this is an expression as strictly scientific as any proposition of geometry.

SAVING WORK.

How to be cleanly, and reduce the labor of washing and ironing to a minimum is a question which deserves consideration; for most housekeepers consider washing and ironing hard, disagreeable work at best. Plain, substantial underclothing in the place of ruffles and tucks will do much toward making the ironing easier. Indeed, plain, clean underclothing is perfectly wholesome without being ironed at all. The best way to save washing is to require each member of the family to take a daily bath. Then, if the clothes worn during the day are aired at night, and the night clothes and bedding aired in the morning, it will not be necessary to change so often. Physicians usually recommend a morning bath, but those of us who have to make a fire and get breakfast, dress two or three children, feed the chickens, skim the milk and do forty other things can hardly find time in the morning for a thorough bath, much less see to the bathing of the children. But after the day's work is done, the rooms are warm, and it only takes a few minutes to take a brisk sponge bath. For myself, I have never experienced any ill effects from an evening bath; on the contrary, after a hard day's work, nothing is so restful as a good bath. Of course this plan necessitates an early and light supper, which in itself is a good thing. No one should take a bath within two hours after eating a full meal. A well-ordered bath room is a convenience, but not a necessity.

There are a great many little ways of saving washing. An oilcloth tablecloth is easily kept clean and makes the washing lighter. If linen is preferred, have a square of oilcloth under baby's plate, and have bibs for the little ones, and napkins for the rest.

If children are given a lunch or "piece" between meals, do not allow them to take it and run; but require them to sit and eat it, and when they are through wash their hands. Teach them to wash their hands in water and wipe them on a towel, not wipe them in water and wash them on a towel.

Have plenty of holders; they will save your aprons and tea towels. A sack of rags hanging near the stove is handy in case of accidents. When anything is spilled, wipe it up and burn the rag.

Have a light apron to use when kneading bread or working with flour. Hang it behind the pantry door, and do not use it for any other purpose. An oilcloth apron is useful when washing or doing any dirty work. An apron with long sleeves is convenient when one wishes to do a little work with a good dress on. Aprons are much easier washed than dresses, so have plenty of them.

Above all teach the children by example and precept to be careful about soiling their clothes. They will have just as much "fun" if they try to save mamma trouble as they will to think merely of their own pleasure.—*Mrs. Adams in The Housekeeper.*

RECIPES.

Ginger Cookies.—One pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger and soda, one egg, a small piece of butter and a little salt. Put on the stove and boil five minutes; when cold stir in flour enough to make a thick batter. Roll and cut quite thick.

Indian Meal Griddle Cakes.—One pint of sour milk; heat and add two eggs; stir in slowly one pint of sifted cornmeal, one fourth teaspoonful of salt, half a spoonful of brown sugar, enough wheat flour to thicken, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water.

Fruit Cake Without Eggs.—One cupful of sugar, one of butter, one of molasses, one of sour milk, one of sweet milk, one of raisins, one of currants and five cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cloves and allspice, three teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of soda and salt; add citron if you choose. Bake slowly. This will make two medium-sized loaves.

Quick Buckwheat Cakes.—Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder into one pint of sifted buckwheat flour, half a teaspoonful of salt. Take one pint of cold water, stir in the flour gradually, letting it run through your fingers so there will be no lumps; if the batter is not thick enough, add a little more flour; one spoonful of molasses stirred into the batter makes the cakes a nice brown; bake as soon as mixed.

Cornstarch Toast.—Use pieces of dry bread, toasted or not. Moisten two heaping tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold water. Grate nearly half a nutmeg, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, mix well. Add a lump of butter nearly as large as a small egg. These should be mixed in something that can be set on the stove. Pour boiling water on, stirring all the time. Make it as thick as rather thin starch. Pour it over the bread in a covered dish and serve. If not sweet enough, add more sugar just before taking it from the stove. Most children are very fond of this.

Stewed Potatoes.—A very wholesome way of preparing potatoes is to take two fair-sized potatoes for each person; pare and slice them and boil till tender, which will take about ten or fifteen minutes. Pour off the water and sprinkle flour over the potatoes, add a small lump of butter and pour in milk, stirring as you pour, until there is a thick, white gravy over the potatoes; then salt and pepper to taste and serve immediately. Kentucky potatoes are prepared by paring and slicing the potatoes into a baking pan or dish and covering with fresh, sweet milk. Bake in a hot oven till the potatoes are tender and the milk has boiled down thick; then add butter, pepper and salt, bake ten minutes longer and serve very hot. These potatoes should be baked in a broad, shallow dish, so they will not be more than an inch deep.

PUZZLES NO. 6.

? "So they sat down with him seven days and seven nights."

BIBLE PUZZLE.

Who are these men and what are they doing?

HIDDEN TREES.

1. The pin Edna gave me is bent. 2. Flora, shut the door. 3. Mamma, please may I go too? 4. Will owes me a dollar. 5. He stands at the helm, calling to us. 6. Clarence dares not jump from there. 7. The cap pleased the little boy. 8. Always appear at your best.

REBUS.

A well-known Scotch poet.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A destructive bird. 2. Matured fruit. 3. Not shut. 4. Part of the verb to go.

REBUS.

A poet who became blind.

CHARADE.

My first is in nut but not in shell,
My second is in tongue but not in tell,
My third is in wrath but not in scold,
My fourth is in storm but not in cold,
My fifth is in hood but not in cap,
My sixth is in strike but not in slap,
My seventh is in paper but not in book,
My eighth you will find in a cosy nook,
My ninth is in modest but not in blush,
My tenth is in quiet but not in hush,
My eleventh is in song but not in hymn,
My twelfth is in smoky but not in dim,
My thirteenth is in present but not in past,
My fourteenth is in canter but not in fast,
My fifteenth is in ginger but not in burn,
My sixteenth is in vase but not in urn,
My seventeenth is found in the frond of a fern;
My whole when discovered I'm sure you'll agree,
Is a dearly loved name both to you and to me.

I. G. P.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 5.

Beheaded Rhyme.—Craft, raft, aft.

Riddle.—Bark.

Charade.—Rose Mary.

Scripture Enigma.—

M	anoah	Judges 13, 8.
A	rk	Genesis 4, 14.
T	homas	John 50, 28.
T	imothy	II Tim. 1, 15.
H	uram	II Sam. 2, 3.
E	n-gedi	I Sam. 23, 29.
W	ine	John 2, 9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Fred Tupper and Mary Streeter.

The Family Circle.

SCHOOL LIFE.

I sat in the school of sorrow.
My Master was teaching there;
And my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing his face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay;
So hard, and heavy to carry,
That it darken'd the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say "Thy will be done!"
And the Master came not near me,
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my heavy sorrow,
I looked from the cross, above;
And I saw the Master watching,
With a glance of tender love.

He turn'd to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard him say,—
"My child, thou must bear thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

"I may not tell the reason,
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe."

So I stoop'd to that weary sorrow;
One look at that face divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And thus I learned my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone;
He only knows the tears I shed,
For he has wept his own.

But from them came a brightness,
Straight from the Home above,
Where the school life will be ended,
And the cross will show the love.

—*Leaflet.*

A PINCHING NIGHT.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR STORY.

By Charles N. Sinnett.

"Your mother and I are going over to set up with the Barker child."

Pa Bascom's fingers were in the straps of one of his boots when he began that sentence. Before he finished it, though he spoke rapidly, his foot had slipped into the thick leather with an emphatic thud.

He did not seem to see how pale his Elijah's face grew. Apparently he did not hear anything nestling in the side pocket of the boy's coat. That he had been told on Monday that his lad would lead the young people's meeting that very night seemed to have disappeared from his mind as completely as his foot had in the boot.

"Be careful of the fire. And if you hear a trampling around in the barn be sure and go out and see what it means. Stay up as late as you can, so's to have the house nice and warm when you go to bed. It's going to be a pretty sharp frosty night."

"The Barkers' child is so sick that we ought to hurry all we can," she said as she pulled her hood tightly down about her face.

"Good night, 'Lijah, and be sure and keep up a good fire so my plants won't freeze. There's my bread I put to rise down by the stove door. You can take a look at that now and then."

That was the mother's parting injunction to her son.

"They don't seem to think or care anything about the young people's meeting. I didn't tell them, though, that Hi Wardwell was coming to-night, because I was going to lead. And I've been trying to get him out for such a long while! I'm sure he'll go back home when he sees I'm not there—and that will be the end of what I've hoped so much from. And I'll never find out now what has been holding Hi back so long."

But the sight of some bean husks in one of his father's shoes made him pause and look at them for a moment.

"Father must have been thrashing them out while I was at school to-day," he said to himself. "And that was work that I had expected to do. His other work was pinching him, too."

Elijah could not but feel that his father had been very kind to do that.

"And he must have felt pinched and tired enough when they came after him to go and sit up with the Barker child. And mother—she's had to work unusually hard while I've been going to school. Yet neither of them complained a bit, when they were called off in this way that will hurry them so about what they had planned to do this week."

The expression of Elijah's face was greatly changed by the time he had harbored these kind thoughts in his heart. And when he had quietly put down his father's shoes in the corner, his hand slipped into his coat pocket, and he softly rustled the notes which he had written out for his talk at the Endeavor meeting.

"Must have seemed selfish to father when I slipped off by myself to write these when I came home from school. Guess it pinched his patience more than it did mine as he told me he had to go away, and that my duty was to stay at home from the meeting."

Then the merry jingle of sleigh bells rang in upon his reflections. The sound took the happy shine out of his eyes. His fingers clutched upon his notes. He know that the Tinkhams were going to the young people's meeting. And how would the evening pass off with him absent? He could not recall a night when the leader had not been promptly on hand. And Hi Wardwell, what would he do when he found that his friend was not there? The boy again decided that the meeting would be a poor one, and that Hi would not remain at it.

"I'm just pinched up here in a corner," he flashed out as though his parents were there to hear.

A few moments later he hurried out to the barn with the lantern. He had a bushel basket in his hand. There was a great purpose in his heart, though that member thumped a little harder than usual as the boy struggled with his thoughts.

"I can't thresh beans in the barn very well, but I can shell out a lot by the fire, and when that's done I can look after some of mother's work which has got behindhand."

Those were the resolves which made the boy hurry out so eagerly. And when he went back to the house, his steps were still lighter, though he had given one or two very longing glances towards the cosy little church in town.

A half-hour later he was singing away so cheerily at his work that he did not know any one was near the house until the kitchen door opened suddenly and there stood one of his schoolmates with a curious expression upon his face.

Before Elijah could speak his surprise, the other said impulsively: "Guess I'm the one that's got pinched this time!"

"Why, what do you mean, Oliver? Come in, come in. You look as though you were cold."

"I am rather chilly," said the other boy, awkwardly, as he came into the kitchen. "That is, outside. But I'm pretty warm about the heart."

"Didn't you want to do down to the—the meeting to-night? and if you did, how do you happen to be singing, and looking the way that you are?" he added abruptly.

"Yes, I wanted to go, Oliver. But—well, I'll tell you. Father and mother trusted me that I could look after things here. And I couldn't help thinking that if they did that I ought to trust the Lord to take care of the young people's meeting, when he knew I couldn't be there, and how much we had prayed about it."

"Was tougher work than getting some of the beans out of those dry pods!" said Oliver emphatically.

"It was, indeed?"

"Well, I know just how it feels. Let me have some of the pods. I can talk easier if my hands are busy. I'm going to help in the meetings after this. I've held back and said you and some of the rest weren't in earnest. I met your folks going over to Barker's. I couldn't resist the temptation to come right over here, and see how you stood the disappointment. I must say I feel better. And I'm the one that's been keeping Hi Wardwell from the meetings. I thought to-night he'd never go again if he didn't find you there. But if he has any such feelings I shall talk them all out of him. Why, Elijah, what makes you cry, and you're not shelling a single bean!"

Oliver knew well enough, though, how such news as his had filled the boy's heart with such joy that he could only sit and look at him.

"I hoped good would be done—but I never dreamed of this," was all that Elijah could say.

"Wouldn't wonder if we'll hear more to encourage us from the meeting," answered Oliver, rubbing his own eyes in spite of his efforts to wink back the tears.

He was so earnest in that belief that neither he nor Elijah were a bit surprised when the Tinkhams called in on their way home from the young people's meeting and reported that it had been the best one ever held.

"We didn't wait a minute," explained Benny Tinkham. "I knew Elijah must have been hindered when he didn't get to the church ten minutes before the required time. I led the best I could, and we had Hi Wardwell to help us for the first time."

"We'll never forget this pinching night," laughed Oliver with the tears of joy shining on his cheeks.

"No, indeed," answered Elijah emphatically.—*New York Observer.*

WHY WE AGREED TO GIVE A TENTH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. SMALL.

I was considerably stirred up by the sermon that Sunday morning, more than I was willing to admit; I said to my wife as I came in—she, poor dear soul was sick and could not go; not a "Sunday sickness;" she never had that kind—I said to her, "Well, Maggie, what do you suppose our young minister held forth on to-day?"

"The Gospel," she replied in her quiet way.

"Oh, yes," I said, "it was the Gospel, I presume, but it was the Gospel of giving. He took his text from away back in the Prophets, something about robbing God." (Mal. iii. 8.)

"I don't doubt we need it, and I should like to have been there," came forth from the pillowed head in the big easy chair. Maggie was getting better and able to sit up part of the day. Nurse had the baby in the adjoining room, a fine fellow!—but that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say.

"The dominie set forth some pretty plain truths in very forcible language; he got well warmed up. I should have thought old Spatterwood would have winced some under it; he hugs his money as tight as a bear hugs his victim, and he has quite a little hug, too. But what I objected to this morning was the statement that very few of us gave as much as we ought. He dwelt on the Jews giving a tenth, and said he doubted if many gave a twentieth of their income in these days."

"Well, do you think we do?" asked Maggie.

"Of course, I do; you know we are very liberal. I don't think we give much under a tenth."

I got out my pencil and a piece of paper and began to set down the figures.

"Well, to begin with, we pay $40 for pew rent. Then, when that special collection was taken up for the floating debt, I gave $10. When the home missionary collection was called for, I was stirred by the appeal and gave $5; for the foreign work I gave $2; for work among colored people, I gave another $2; and then for church-building I gave $1. There were collections for several objects; I never gave less than 50 cents; I presume in all, $2."

"I gave five cents a week," broke in Maggie; "that is $2.60 a year."

"Yes, and I put ten cents in the basket each Sunday; that is $5.20. Then I gave $5 to the charity work instead of dealing it out a little here and there unwisely, to encourage beggars in their beggary. There, I believe that is all," and I began to add it up. I added the column twice. I wasn't in much of a hurry to announce the result; in fact, it was not as great as I had supposed.

"How much is it?" quietly came from the easy-chair.

"Seventy-four dollars and eighty cents."

"And our income," she went on, half to herself—she always called it our income, counting herself a partner, doing her share at home towards getting it, and deserving her share of the use of it. I believe she is about right—"our income is sixteen hundred dollars, one twentieth of this is eighty. We fell short a little, didn't we, dear?"

"Well, yes, it seems so," I said slowly; "the result is not what I had supposed it would be."

Maggie looked at me in her gentle way for a moment and I knew there was something coming. She spoke: "It is a strange coincidence, but while you were at church I was reading an article on benevolence, in which there was this incident: It was somewhere in England, contributions were being called for to support an orphanage; a wealthy Quaker and his wife walked up to the table; he took the pen and put down five pounds; she, looking over his shoulder, said: 'Why, William, is thee not ashamed to give so little?' 'No, it is all I can afford.' 'No, no, William, thee can give more for the poor homeless ones.' 'Thee can write,' he said, thrusting the pen into her hand. She took it and put a cypher after the five, and they walked away pledged to give fifty pounds.

"My dear, I want to suggest a tenth. I think we can, and ought to give it."

I dissented, feeling all the time, however, that she was right, which disarmed me; and I finally agreed to do it.

That was a year ago. Maggie asked me last night if I thought we had better give up our tenth and go back to the old way.

"I can't do it now, for I must practice what I preach," I said. "I have been at old Spatterwood for a year, urging him to try the scheme, and he has finally consented to do it."

"And then, too, it has been quite easy and very pleasant giving the past year, hasn't it?" asked Maggie.

"Yes, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Reader, will you not use your pencil a little and see what proportion you give, and then try setting aside a tenth each month?

Among the many excellent suggestions that have come from Mr. Gladstone is one in a recent *Nineteenth Century*, that an association be formed in which each member engages "to give away a proportion of the annual receipts, which the individual will fix, will alter, if he pleases, and which, altered or unaltered, he will not be called upon to promulgate....He will, however, not fail to remember that his obligation is only to give not less than the proportion he has fixed. It does not restrain him from giving more. It is to be hoped that with practice his ideas will alter and improve." Will you not agree with yourself before God, to set apart a given proportion of your income? If you do not know what it is, make an estimate and give a proportion of that.—*Christian at Work.*

A JEWESS CONVERTED THROUGH A HYMN.

A young Jewess was passing the door of a chapel in England. She was attracted by the sound of music, and went into the porch to listen. The minister gave out the lines—

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain."

She was surprised to hear mention made of "Jewish altars" in a Christian place of worship, and waited on until the next lines of the hymn were read out—

"But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they."

She was more than ever startled and interested, for she felt there was something here such as she had been conscious she needed, but had never known; and so she continued to listen while the minister read, and the congregation sang the rest of the hymn. She returned home. But the truth had found its way into her heart, and it soon became known among her friends, that she had embraced the faith of Christ. When, after some time, she was on her death-bed, her greatest comfort was in this hymn, and she died while repeating one of the verses.

MR. CHEOK HONG CHEONG,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CHURCH MISSIONS TO THE CHINESE IN VICTORIA.

A recent number of *The Christian* gives an account of Cheok Hong Cheong, who is at present in England pleading for the millions of China who are victims of the opium traffic. He was born in Fatshan, in the province of Canton. His paternal and maternal grandfathers were, respectively, a banker and a well-to-do paper manufacturer. Although neither joined with the rebels in any way, both were completely ruined by the Taeping rebellion, which arose out of the political disturbances caused by the last great opium war. In consequence, Mr. Cheong's father emigrated to Australia, when Cheok Hong Cheong was a little boy. Here Mr. Cheong, senr., became converted to God, and was eventually appointed pastor in the Chinese Christian Church.

The history of the Chinese Christian Church in Australia is a very interesting one. Dean Macartney, and other earnest workers, seeing the great need of Gospel work amongst the thousands of Chinese immigrants in the gold-rush of 1855, formed the Church Missionary Society of Victoria, obtaining the first teachers from the Anglo-Chinese Missionary College of St. Paul's at Hong Kong. Emulated by their example, the Wesleyan and Presbyterian Churches soon started work on similar lines. In spite of the peculiar difficulties that the pioneer missionaries had to contend with—the gold-fever and the absorption of mind connected therewith—a number of converts were gathered, and several little churches of Chinese Christians formed. Better still, some of the converts, remembering the great needs of the countless millions of their mother country, returned to China as missionaries, and there, with a truly apostolic zeal, they have been, and are still, engaged in planting and establishing churches wherever and whenever God opens up the way.

The work has also gone on extending in Australia, and it is a significant fact that for every Christian worker that has gone home to China as a missionary, God has raised up another in his place to carry on the work in Australia itself. Mr. Cheong has numbers of interesting details to give with regard to his work. In reply to the question, "Are the converts you speak of genuine, 'good men and true?'" he says:—

"One of the most exemplary Christians that I have met with in Australia was a Chinese miner in the 'golden city;' and, strange as it may appear, one who came to his Christianity through a terrible affliction—he was demonized. The friends of the demoniac who heard the public proclamation of the Gospel believed the religion of Jesus to have the power of driving away devils, so they besought the evangelist to take home the demoniac, and do what he could for him. Nothing daunted, the evangelist acceded to their request, and by constant, persevering prayer and reading of the Holy Scriptures on behalf of and together with the demoniac, he succeeded in bringing him to the feet of Jesus, and in his right mind."

This man, out of whom the devils were thus cast, has now been for years a respected member of the Church, and is earnest in declaring to his countrymen what the Lord has done for his soul. Mr. Cheong also tells of a Chinese tradesman who failed very badly in business, and afterwards became converted. The Lord prospering him after his conversion, he repaid all his creditors. His largest creditor, a heathen Chinaman, on unexpectedly receiving the balance of the debt, said to him, "If you had not become a Christian, you would never have paid this!" Mr. Cheong adds:—

Since he became a Christian this man has felt himself involved in another and far heavier debt—even the debt of gratitude to his Saviour. To discharge that debt was utterly beyond his power. What, then, did he do? He went and diligently sought out all those for whom Christ has left a legacy of love, and endeavored through them to show his gratitude to his Saviour. He is still continuing in his good work.

Mr. Cheong is not only an earnest evangelist, but a warm patriot, using his influence for the assistance of his countrymen against the great opium evil, as well as for the abolition of the oppressive legal disabilities under which they labor in Australia. With regard to the first, Mr. Cheong has headed a great movement for the total prohibition of opium in Australia, except for strictly medicinal purposes. This movement is on the eve of victory, and the legal enactment for the abolition of the traffic is expected to be passed in the next session of the Colonial Parliament.

The laws against the Chinese which Mr. Cheong especially wishes to see repealed are—first, the statutes which practically prevent a Chinaman in Australia bringing his wife and children to the colony, which are indirectly the cause of a good deal of the immorality with which the Chinese are charged; secondly, Mr. Cheong is doing all he can to remove the great misapprehension which exists that the Chinese, as a nation, is a great emigrating nation. He points out that the whole of the emigrants come from one province—Canton, and nearly all from a particular district within that province. The excitement of the gold-fever at its height, with the utmost facility of ingress into the Australasian colonies, only attracted a total Chinese population of sixty thousand, and that population has never been exceeded. Mr. Cheong ridicules the periodical panics in California and Australia, arising from the supposed danger of "the overplus population of China flooding the world," and says that it is a great mistake to suppose that China is, in any sense, an over-populated country. Whilst the population of China is eighteen times that of Great Britain, its square mileage is seventy-six times as great.

MR. CHEOK HONG CHEONG.

England is, therefore, four times as thickly populated in comparison to its size, as China.

Our friend is very enthusiastic with regard to the great possibilities of mission work in China, were the opium traffic once abolished. He earnestly insists upon the power and will of the Chinese Government and people to abolish the home traffic, if once the heavy hand of the enormous British import trade were taken off. The Chinese Government has only permitted the home growth of the drug in order to starve out the Indian imported opium—a policy of despair, and not in any way successful as yet, for the import into China of the most virulent kind of opium sold in Asia, that manufactured by the British Government at Patna and Ghazipur, has been increasing for many years past (from 42,900 chests in 1872 to 57,000 chests in 1890), and shows no signs of decline.

The responsibility of England in this matter is stupendous. Looking back over past history, it will be found that the teetotal Mohammedans introduced the use of opium into Asia, and traces of their influence in doing so are to be found right along the line of their ancient conquests, from Persia in the west to Yunnan in the east. But this was a comparatively small trade, until it was taken up by the incomparably greater energy and intellect of Englishmen, an energy and an intellect which was the direct outcome of the fact that our nation has for centuries possessed an open Bible. With these gifts of God, given by Him for high and holy purposes, the traffic was organized by godless Englishmen into the present monstrous proportions, so that it now threatens half the population of the world.

Slavery in America was brought to a termination in a very tragical fashion, and at an awful cost of treasure and blood. How shall the opium traffic come to an end? Shall it cease amidst the lurid glow of pestilence and war, and amidst the awful scourges of Divine judgment? Or will the Christian Church do its duty, and be used as God's instrument to bring the thing to a speedy end?

DOMESTIC JARS.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Humiliating as the confession may be, the fact remains that in many households the chief danger to happiness arises from the unreserves of love. People, who, on occasion, cheerfully endure great hardships, and count it no sacrifice to toil early and late, to eat the bread of carefulness, to undergo great privations, are yet not able to live together in harmony in the every-day experiences of life. At home we are naturally seldom on our guard, and, if a little wearied or worried or petulant, we allow ourselves to speak a hasty word and to wound the tender heart of whose loyalty and disposition to forgive we are assured. Husbands to wives, mothers to daughters, brothers and sisters to one another, frequently speak with a degree of candor which in polite society would be considered boorish, if not brutal.

Not that in any circumstances we are justified in slurring over the truth or in uttering the false word; but very often silence is kinder than speech, and in home life it is always safe to wait for the sober second thought before finding fault, or condemning as a crime something which is simply an error of judgment.

The little phrase "much ado about nothing," might be used to describe the beginning of most fireside friction. Perhaps the baby was fretful in the night, and the mother's sleep was broken; Bridget, who has never taken out a patent for saintliness, has had trouble with her oven, or has let the coffee boil a fatal minute too long; father's favorite virtue is punctuality, and the boys are late at breakfast; and somehow there is a general sense of discomfort, a chill in the family atmosphere, and a condition in which storm signals may be taken for granted. One little word brings on another, the original cause of dispute is forgotten in the heat of passion, until these people, who would die for each other, if the need came, are indulging feelings of wrath and bitterness which poison the day's delight at the fountain head.

How petty in the presence of a real sorrow, or in the apprehension of a great calamity, these undignified family squabbles appear! When extreme illness or death visits the household, or when one of its members is in some imminent danger, how closely draws the bond that unites those of one blood in the mystic tie of kin. It seems strange, then, that the little jealousies, envies, and dissensions were ever permitted to mar the beautiful ideal of the family. It is easy, however, to be wise after the event. The proverbial ounce of prevention is far better here than the pound of cure.

An unfair favoritism is not infrequently the cause of discord in the family. One child is preferred to another. This daughter is supposed to be the father's pet. The mother sees no defects in the mind or manners of her oldest or youngest son. The first-born or the baby has peculiar privileges accorded, which the rest never dream that they may share. It is the old story of Joseph and his brethren, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars bowing to one, and the others remaining unnoted or ignored. Family peace must always rest on a broad foundation of justice, which includes the least as well as the greatest.

It is easy to say that where hearts are true small exasperations are matters of slight importance; never was there a more stupid mistake. Into our common Saturdays and Mondays—our struggling, anxious, busy days—we are weaving the story of our lives. There are many worlds in this earth of ours, but to *each of us* belongs in a peculiar and very sacred sense the little world of home. Patience, courtesy, and self-control, with regard for the rights of others rather than thoughts of our own importance, are infallible preventives of domestic jars.

It would seem unnecessary, and still the caution may be permitted: No matter how great the provocation, a veil should always screen family infirmities from the gaze of the stranger. No one outside the home should so much as guess by any word or look of ours that there are infelicities within it. We must not reveal the caprices of the difficult member of the family, nor suffer any one to suppose that the most whimsical, captious, or imperious person in our household is trying to temper or nerves. Decency requires this. Christian grace makes the exercise of forbearance a habit of the soul.—*The Congregationalist.*

RETRIBUTION.

Mr. Charles Cook related the following remarkable instance of retribution. A man was imprisoned in Newgate, and afterwards in the Fleet Prison, by a harsh creditor, for a debt of £500, about the year 1780. Wesley hearing of it, visited him in prison, and found him with his wife sickening for death, and by his side a dead child. Having, from his friends, collected the amount owing, Wesley took it to the creditor in order to release the poor man in gaol. The man to whom the £300 was due said, "I don't want to take the money; I would rather the man stay in prison. I hate him, and wish him to be there." Wesley obliged him to take it, and as he left the man he said, "Thy money perish with thee." The debtor was released; gradually rose to a high position, and eventually became a judge; and, strange to say, the first man he had to sentence to death was the creditor who used him so harshly. The jury had found him guilty, and much as the judge might have wished to have saved him, he was obliged in righteousness to sentence him. Let us beware how we deal with others. "With the same measure ye mete out to others, it shall be meted out to you."—*Christian Herald.*

HINDU PRIEST AND DAUGHTER.

CONVERSION OF AN AGED HINDU PRIEST.

"The conversion of an aged Hindu priest at Serampore" says the *Indian Witness*, "furnishes another illustration of the living power of the word of God. Jesus said, 'the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life,' and again and again in the mission-field incidents occur which prove and re-prove the truth of these words. This old man came to the Rev. T. R. Edwards, of the Baptist Serampore Mission College, about four years ago, and bought a large-print Bengali Bible. He took it home and began studying it. Gradually light broke in. He delved deeper. The light increased. His soul was stirred again by the words of him who 'spake as never man spake.' He began reading the gospels to his friends. His interest in the little temple of which he was priest slackened. Numbers of his neighbors began inquiring the way, and two years ago he came to the missionaries with the joy of the Lord shining in his face, and requested baptism. He gave up his priesthood, surrendering its revenues, and forfeiting his claim to the plot of ground which he held as a priest for his own use. He is very happy in the grace of the Lord Jesus, and confident that numbers of those who have been hearing him expound the words of Christ will soon follow him in the full possession and public profession of saving faith in Christ. His village is being systematically visited, and hopes are entertained that a rich harvest may be gathered from the seed sown from one copy of the Word of God." The picture of this aged Hindu priest and his daughter was taken from a recent photograph.

'IN DEBT."

A man who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church out West relates his experience thus:

"The first man I went to said he was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was owed his first duty to his creditors.

"He was smoking an expensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive Rocky Mountain cuff-buttons.

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was owing for his board, was badly in debt, and did not see how he could give anything.

"That afternoon, as I went by the base-ball grounds, I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the entrance to go in, and saw him mount the grand stand, where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar.

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry, but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load, the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed.

"A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family, and go to the circus, afternoon and night, at an expense of at least four dollars.

"The Bible says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' but it also says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And I really could not help thinking that the devil could use that old excuse, 'in debt,' to splendid advantage, especially when he had a selfish man to help him."—*Youth's Companion.*

A CHRIST-LIKE MISSION.

A reporter assigned to a murder case in Mulberry street, New York, the other day, made a surprising discovery. The houses there are dark and dingy. Poverty of the most squalid type abounds all round. Drunkenness and vice are everywhere. The house the reporter entered had nothing in its externals to distinguish it from its neighbors. The entrance was as mean and paintless, the hall as dark and dirty, and the passages narrowed off into apparent solidity in the gloomy recesses of the interior, as in the other houses. But he noticed within, a door freshly painted and the windows were clean and polished. Opening that door he was astonished to see marks of refinement and elegance. Exquisite pictures were on the walls, a book-case filled with choice volumes, vases with beautiful flowers, signs of culture were all round. He was amazed and inquired what was the meaning of this oasis in the moral desert. He learned that a few months ago two young ladies hired the rooms and had lived there ever since. They were college graduates, holding diplomas as physicians. They attended the poor and prescribed for them, accepting such fees as they could afford to pay, and in many cases gratuitously. Living in the midst of the squalor and misery, they were exerting an influence for good throughout the neighborhood.—*Christian Herald.*

AGENTS, NOT OWNERS.

A parishioner said to his pastor: "Did I understand you to say on Sunday morning in your pulpit that no man owns any property in this world—no stocks, no bonds, no houses, no lands? Such teachings strike me as not only radical but revolutionary in the last degree; and if this is to be the doctrine of the pulpit, then all I have to say is that my pew is no place for a level-headed business man."

"My dear sir," replies the pastor, "that you are a first-class business-man nobody doubts, and we are all glad of your success. By the way, I see that you have elected a new president for your bank."

"Yes, the old president seemed to think he owned the bank, and if he wanted an extra fast horse or a box at the new theatre, he had only to raise his salary, or take the money and expect us to raise his salary to cover the cost."

"And I see that you chose a new superintendent for your railway the other day."

"Yes, we were obliged to; we must have a man to run the road on business principles and for the benefit of the stockholders, and not for the pleasure of the superintendent or his family. Properly managed, that road can pay the owners a good eight per cent, and lay by a handsome surplus."

"Now, my dear sir," says the pastor, "just this is what I meant when I said that no man really owns anything in this world. I am not a Socialist or a Nationalist. Your president does not own the bank; your superintentent does not own the railway. Each is your agent, and responsible to you for all that is entrusted to his hands. And in the same sense, on the same principle carried to its source, you do not own the house and stocks and land which you hold. The Creator's original grant to man was not a deed, but a commission—tend and dress, keep and till the ground. All this was God's before, and is his now. And in all this you are a steward responsible to God for what he has entrusted to you. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and it is to be watched and worked, sowed and reaped for him."—*Dr. Webb at American Board Meeting.*

SACRIFICE AND ITS REWARD.

One day the teacher went to visit an old Indian woman who was sick. Being able now to go out, she was asked if she would not come to church.

"I have nothing to wear," was the reply.

"If I should give you this bonnet?" questioned the teacher. But the bonnet alone would not do; she could not go. The teacher went home to search her own slender wardrobe. Her sister in the work followed her to her room, and found her on her knees before her little trunk, an old shawl on her lap on which her tears were falling, as she softly smoothed the faded folds. It had been her mother's, worn through weary days of invalidism. It seemed almost a part of the loved one's self, linked with the dear pale face in the grave.

How this daughter prized it, all that was left her of the old home and "mother," how she had carried it with her in all her journeyings, you who have laid away the garments of your beloved with tears and kisses—you know.

"Oh! not that," said the sister who knew its history. The teacher shook her head; there was nothing else. The dear mother was safe in heaven, while the poor Indian was here and suffering. It was right the shawl should go. And she took it to the Indian woman, holding it close in her arms with caressing touch as she went.

"Her reward?" Why, some months after, when a band of Christians were received into the church—that old woman was among them!—*The Pansy.*

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day
  I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
  To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
  So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple-time,
  And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
  While blithe as blackbird's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
  The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
  I thought, as I passed by;
"These busy, cheering, whistling boys
  Make grand men by-and-by."

Just then a playmate came along
  And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
  And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
  So hurry up!" he cried;
My little whistler shook his head,
  And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know!
  What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
  "I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
  To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
  Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
  I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
  Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
  And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
  Take hold and help their mothers.

—*Golden Days.*

Guy's Gardening:
Sharpening Tools.
Warmer grows the kindly sun
Winter's time is almost done.
Garden trowel, spades and hoes
Must be sharp before he goes;
For when Spring is at the gate
Garden work should never wait.
Handy tools for Guy are bought
From the berry papa's are brought.
Brush away the webs and dust,
Mend the breaks & rub the rust;
Let the file make merry din;
Let the grindstone whirl & spin.
Guy is helping all he can;
He's his father's right hand man!

"'WE'LL HIDE FROM HER, JERRY,' SHE WHISPERED."

THE FALLING OUT AT GRANDMA'S.

BY BARBARA YECHTON.

For a week past the twins had been looking forward to this visit to grandma Walters. They were to go without mamma, and they were to stay all night, two unprecedented occurrences in their short lives.

It was a great relief to them when Friday morning dawned clear and bright, just cold enough to be agreeable. The little girls were in high glee, and when uncle Jarvis dashed up to the door in his new cutter drawn by two big black horses, to drive them over, Molly and Dolly danced with joy. Mamma and nurse could hardly get them to stand still long enough to have their wraps fastened.

Then there was a filling of hot water bottles and foot warmers, one or two bundles were stowed away and the little girls packed snugly in the sleigh—each clasping her last and best-loved doll, carefully wrapped up from the cold. Mamma gave last kisses and a parting injunction to be good children, uncle Jarvis let the horses go, and away they dashed, with tassels flying and bells jingling.

After a delightful ride of an hour they reached the old homestead which was situated on the edge of a large town, and here they were warmly welcomed by dear grandma and aunt Myra. Uncle Jarvis could not stay, as he had business in town, so the children were soon out of the sleigh and into grandma's arms.

After a nice warm lunch of just the things they liked best, the twins took a walk round the place to visit the animals; then came a chat with grandma; then, as aunt Myra had gone to lie down with a headache, grandma went to sit with her and the little girls settled down to a dolls' tea party. Rosalinda and Maid Marian were seated up in the queer little stiff-backed chairs which had been aunt Myra's when she was a child, and on the small round table which matched the chairs was spread a doll's tea-set of white china with what Dolly called the "cutest" little rose-buds all over it. There was real sugar in the sugar bowl, and milk in the milk pitcher, and tea ("cambric" tea) in the teapot; and cake full of raisins and currants, and cookies broken up small to fit into the tiny cake plates. Besides all these good things, a rosy apple cut into four pieces adorned the table, flanked on each side by wee dishes of shelled walnuts. It was a feast to be proud of, and the arrangements of the table were really artistic.

"Rosalinda, do sit up straight," said Molly, giving her doll a decided shake as she set her upright in her chair. "I'm always teaching you your manners and yet the very minute I put you in a chair in company over you go to one side, and it does look so bad. I declare I'm just talking and talking to you all the time. Does Maid Marian ever behave so, Dolly?"

"Most all the time," answered Dolly, in a sympathetic tone. "She's been over on her head no less than three times since we began to set the table. The last time her hat fell off into the bowl of milk and her best ribbon got all wet, I've had to spread it out by the fire to dry. I do think children are a great care,"—with a solemn shake of her curly head and trying to speak in a very grown-up tone of voice—"and they 'most times behave the worst when you take them visiting."

"'Cept us, you and me," put in Molly, with decision. "We're always good, no matter where we are—don't you think so, Dolly?"

"W-e-ll"—hesitated Dolly, "'cept when we cut off Aleck's eyelashes and eyebrows playing doctor, and when we helped him put a hoptoad in nurse's bed to frighten her—and when we walked up the headboard of our bed like the circus men and broke it all to pieces—and—"

"Oh, that was long ago," interrupted Molly, hastily. "We haven't been real naughty—oh! for ever 'n ever so long. I guess we're going to stay good all the time now. Now, let's begin the party. I'll be Mrs. Hamilton—who'll you be?"

"Oh! I wanted to be Mrs. Hamilton—couldn't you be somebody else?" asked Dolly.

"No! I couldn't," was the decided reply. "And I ought to be mamma, 'cause I look like her. Why don't you be Mrs. Cole?"

"I don't want to—and I won't," cried Dolly, indignantly. "And you wouldn't want to, either, Molly Hamilton. She looks as cross as cross can look and always calls us 'little girls!' as if she didn't know our names."

"But you needn't be her herself, just be her name," suggested her twin. "And do hurry up, anyway. The tea's getting all cold, and you're just spoiling everything."

There was a short pause. Molly looked everywhere but at her sister's face. After swallowing very hard for a minute or two, Dolly said, in an injured tone. "I'll be Mrs. Cole—though I don't want to one bit."

"All right," said Molly, briskly. "Do sit down and let's begin. I know Rosalinda is just famished for something to drink. Mrs. Cole, does your child take milk and sugar in her tea?" So the party began, but there was a little cloud still hanging over Dolly's expressive face, and sometimes she pretended she did not hear when Mrs. Hamilton addressed her by her new name, and this became the cause of a serious accident.

"Please pass the cake, Mrs. Cole," repeated Mrs. Hamilton; and as Mrs. Cole still turned a deaf ear she half rose and with an impatient movement leaned across the table and snatched a piece of fruit cake. In doing this she jarred the table, and upset Maid Marian, who fell over on the fender and smashed her lovely pink and white bisque face!

There was one moment of awful silence; then with a burst of anger Dolly caught up her unfortunate child and turned on her twin. "You're a nasty, mean girl, Molly Hamilton," she sobbed. "You're behaving just awful to-day—see if I don't tell mamma on you. I'd just like to knock your hateful old Rosalinda all to pieces."

Molly felt frightened and sorry for what she had done until Dolly threatened her pet, then catching her in her arms she answered, sharply. "Indeed you shan't! Your Maid Marian was all the time tumbling over. I guess she'd have broken her nose pretty soon, anyway."

"Why, why, what is the matter here?" cried grandma's voice, and she came into the room so hurriedly that her cap strings fairly fluttered behind her.

"It's Dolly!"

"It's Molly!" came simultaneously from the lips of the little girls.

"Oh, to think of it!" said grandma, sadly, when each one had poured out her story. "That two little Christian girls can't play together for one hour even without quarrelling. It seems to me that you've both been wrong and I think you had better kiss and make friends." But neither of the little girls was willing to do it just then.

"I don't want to," said Dolly, hanging back with a scowl on her little face that took all its beauty away. "She broke my dear Maid Marian!"

"I don't care," answered Molly, tossing her head.

Grandma looked at her obstinate grandchildren with a troubled look on her dear old face. "I know your mamma will be very sorry to hear of such naughty behavior, she said, presently. "Now I must go back to poor Aunt Myra, whose head is aching dreadfully, but before I do I want to tell you that you must be very quiet and as long as you can't play peaceably together, you must separate. Molly, you take your doll and half the tea things and play over at that end of the room, and Dolly, you take the other half and stay here. I'll put away the pieces of Maid Marian's head and perhaps to-morrow Aunt Myra may be able to patch them together again. In the *meantime* I'll let you have Jerry to play with, but you must be very good and kind to him." Grandma went out of the room and soon came back, bringing a dear little maltese kitten, which she placed in Dolly's outstretched arms. "Now, isn't he nice?" she asked.

"Yes'm—but—but—" with a quiver of her lips—"he isn't as nice as my dear Maid Marian."

"Now, be very quiet, both of you," said grandma, then she went away. At her end of the room Molly bustled about, feeding Rosalinda, holding long conversations with imaginary visitors, and pretending to be very cheerful. In reality, however, she was not so cheerful, she loved dearly to play with her twin—and she did wish mamma was here to set things straight. After all it was not as much fun visiting grandma alone, as they had expected.

Meanwhile at the other end of the long room Dolly had roused herself from her deep grief for her unfortunate child, and was devoting herself to Jerry, who was as good-natured and full of play as a kitten could be. He allowed himself to be dressed in Maid Marian's Connemara cloak, and in her pink silk hat; his little grey face looking very funny under it. Dolly did so want somebody to share the fun with her. She looked wistfully at Molly's back—if Molly would only say she was sorry—it was cer-

"HE GATHERED DOLLY AND JERRY INTO HIS KIND, STRONG ARMS."

tainly not her, Dolly's, place to make the first advance. So these two foolish little maids let their naughty pride spoil all their pleasure, and make them very unhappy. This state of affairs lasted up to their early bedtime. Grandma put them to bed herself. There was what she called a "three-quarter" bed in the big, old-fashioned spare-room, and in a smaller room opening from it was another single one. "If there isn't room for both to sleep comfortably in this bed, say so, little maids," said grandma, kindly, "and I can put one of you in the little room."

But they declared the spare bed was plenty large enough for them both, and so it was until a faint "miauw" was heard. They were snug in bed, grandma had kissed them good-night and gone away. The dim light of the night lamp seemed to be making sleepy shadows about the room. Molly raised herself on one elbow and looked about her; a gentle "miauw" came again—why, it surely came from Dolly's side of the bed! A suspicion seized upon Molly.

"Dolly Hamilton," she cried, "I do believe you've got that horrid kitten in bed with you."

"Yes, I have," answered Dolly, defiantly. "And he isn't horrid at all—he's too lovely for anything. He's gone to sleep, and you should hear him purr."

"I don't want to hear him," said Molly, crossly, "and I don't want him here at all. Put him out. I know grandma wouldn't like for you to have him here."

Dolly was pretty sure of this, too, but she wouldn't admit it. "Oh, dear!" she said, presently, kicking out her feet impatiently, "I do wish you'd lie down, Molly Hamilton, you're pulling all the covers off me."

Then Molly answered sharply, and these two little girls, who had never before had a serious disagreement in their lives, fell to quarrelling again. At last Molly said, angrily, "Well, if you don't like sleeping in this bed, you and your old cat can just go in the little room, and stay there."

"That's just what I will do," cried Dolly, in an equally angry voice. So out she jumped, Jerry in her arms, and running into the next room climbed into the little bed.

Now Molly hadn't expected to be taken at her word. She dearly loved her twin, and as she thought of her all alone in a strange room with no night lamp to light up its darkness, her heart became filled with remorse.

"I wish I hadn't said such mean things to Dolly," she thought. "Seems like we've done nothing but quarrel all day—and it's just spoiled all our fun. And I didn't truly forgive Dolly when I said my prayers. I guess mamma'll be sorry when she hears—Dolly, come back!" No answer. "Oh, dear!" said Molly, piteously. Then leaning over the side of the bed she called, louder. "Dolly! Dolly! Don't you hear? If you don't come pretty soon, I'll come after you," adding to herself, "So I will, if she doesn't come in two minutes."

She laid her head back on the pillow to wait the "two minutes" and in one second was fast asleep. Meanwhile, naughty Dolly had heard each call distinctly, and when Molly said, "I'll come after you," she slipped out on the floor, holding the kitten in one arm.

"We'll hide from her, Jerry," she whispered, then she crawled under the bed, and while she lay there curled up in a little heap waiting for Molly to find her, she fell asleep, and dreamed. Such a queer dream it was, too. She and Molly were climbing up a steep hill, she holding Jerry in her arms and at each step she took Jerry got heavier and heavier, until she was so tired that she could hardly walk at all. Molly was far ahead of her, and she had such a smothered feeling in her throat that she could not make a sound when she tried to call her. Then Jerry began to miauw piteously in a choked kind of way and—"There's a cat under that bed," a big gruff voice broke in on Dolly's dream, and a big but not unkindly hand came groping under the bed.

"Why, here's the child!" cried the voice, and Dolly and Jerry were drawn out into the room. How everything had changed since Dolly fell asleep! The room was full of smoke, and long, bright tongues of fire were leaping about the window out of which the glass had been broken.

Two big men with shining helmets on their heads were chopping away the burning wood, and it was one of these men who had found Dolly and her kitten. He gathered them both into his kind strong arms and getting out upon the ladder which hung from the window sill went slowly down.

In a few minutes Dolly was in safety in the barn, where were grandma without her cap, and with a big fur cloak wrapped round her; Aunt Myra in Uncle Jarvis's overcoat, Molly wrapped in a patch-work bed-quilt, and a number of neighbors.

"Oh, Dolly!" "Oh, Molly!" cried the twins, and rushed into each others' arms with the deepest joy. They were not old enough to understand the seriousness of the situation, and enveloped in the same quilt, hugging Jerry by turns, they enjoyed the excitement of watching the furniture being brought out of the burning house, the shouting and running to and fro, the impromptu breakfast in the morning at neighbor Sherrill's and the ride to their own home with grandma, later in the day.

Grandma's house was not entirely destroyed, only the wing in which the children had slept. It was never found out how the fire originated, but grandma did not mind that, she was so thankful that everybody had escaped unhurt. Uncle Jarvis and Aunt Myra remained at the homestead to get everything in order again, while grandma visited with Molly and Dolly's mamma for a few weeks.

On Saturday afternoon, when they had mamma all to themselves in the sitting-room, the twins told her all about their falling out at grandma's. Mamma listened with a very grieved face.

"Who was most to blame?" she asked, when they finished.

"I was, mamma," said Molly, drooping her dear little head in shame.

"No, indeed, I was," cried Dolly, flinging her arms around her twin. "And, mamma, we hadn't been naughty for such a long time we just told each other we guessed we were going to stay good always and then—wasn't it queer? we got mad with each other and had a dreadful quarrel."

"Oh," said mamma, "so you thought you were very good. That's where the trouble began, my darlings. Just as soon as people begin to think they're very good, and to plume themselves on it, they are sure to fall into naughtiness. Don't you remember the Golden Text you learned last week? 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall?' Had you been trying to be good and sweet and loving to each other you would never have quarrelled. And this is a warning which I hope you will never forget—never again to go to sleep angry with any one. Just think what a dreadful sorrow it would have been for the other had either of you been burnt to death last night!"

"Oh, mamma!" cried the little girls, earnestly, hugging each other tighter. "We'll try never to do it again—indeed, indeed we will."

"Ask God to help you, for Jesus' sake, or you will never succeed," said mamma, drawing them closer to her.

"I'll pray for you as well as for me, Dolly," said her twin.

"And I for me and you," answered Dolly. And so is ended the falling out.—*The Churchman.*

BURDETTE'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, every-day, manly truth, with a little "t."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. Oh, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old task-master—Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in gangs with their co-equals.

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say, "God knows it." That's right; but he is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man, or boy, who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wonder who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't" just once, that settles it. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once and that is enough. We don't have to say "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time; but all the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time longer than a week; but a lie will burn in the memory fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars respect and hate you.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHAT ENGLISH PEOPLE DO WITH THEIR MONEY.

There lately appeared a letter in the *Liverpool Reformer* showing the proportion out of each 20s. spent by each inhabitant in the United Kingdom on the various claims of life. The following table groups them together:—

	£	s.	d.
Publican receives	0	4	0¼
Baker	0	2	8¼
Grocer	0	3	1¼
Milkman	0	1	2
Draper	0	2	5¾
Coalman	0	0	7
Landlord's house rent, 2s. 6d. } farm " 2s. 2d. }	0	4	8
School fees	0	0	5¾
Missions, etc.	0	0	0¾
	£1	0	0

Manufacturers and tradesmen complain of bad times. The main cause of bad trade is the result of the money being spent in the wrong direction. What we want is increased expenditure with the grocer, the draper, etc. Divide the 4s. 9¼d. at present spent with the publican among the other shopkeepers, and much of the misery, wretchedness, squalor, and poverty now existing would disappear. — *Australian Paper.*

GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE.

Hush, little feet! go softly
Over the echoing floor,
Grandmother's reading the Bible
There by the open door,
All of its pages are dearer still,
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine
Round her is gently shed—
Gold and silver together
Crowning her bended head—
While she follows where saints have trod,
Reading the blessed book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,
Past the noonday sun,
And she is reading and resting
After her work is done;
Now in the quiet autumn eves
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,
Almost done with care,
And the discipline of sorrow
Hallowed by trust and prayer;
Waiting to lay her armor down
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow
Over this weary road,
No little hand to lighten
Of many a weary load;
Children standing in honored prime
Bless her now in her evening time.

Grandmother closes the volume,
And, by her saintly look,
Peace I know she has gathered
Out of the sacred book;
Maybe she catches through that door
Glimpses of Heaven's eternal shore.

—*New York Evangelist.*

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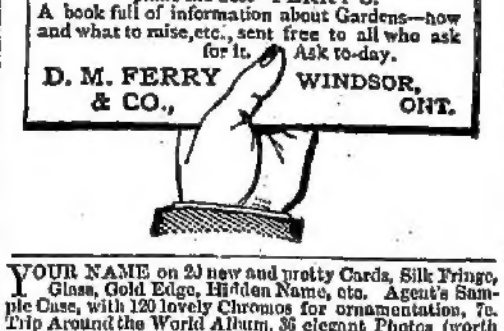

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